

De La Soul Lyrics

"He Comes"

(feat. Ghostface)

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Posdonus]

Down, like water, fresh out the clouds clown

Drown you like terrible weather

Nobody does it better than I, so approved by Carly Simon

Most rappers is real hard, but still hardly rymin

To all - rise and shine - give God the glory

I already give a percent of mine to Bert & Cory

And still got bills and employees to pay

So excuse me Lord, we'll settle up towards the end of my days

My ways of control is hard to swallow

Known to lead, but some would rather see me follow behind

Sorry to dis-appoint, but dis joint's mine

Dis-play your indie but say no -

- more or I'll blind you like spit did to Remo

- to the dirt - and edit the clip and lost Kano

My mens wear problems like Timbs

See it all in they face, ask Mase, he got wars to win

Scores to settle, crews to crush

You rush right in to see him do it with a smile

It's Long Isle y'all, longevity sustainin my celebrity status

From AM to PM, you see him on file y'all

I was told to step righteous, so when it's done

everyone will say I stepped right

And whether through religion, or stopped by the cop

shinin his flash in my face, I'm bound to see the light

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Dave]

Aiyyo I'm up against these walls, here's my back stiff straight up

Dazzle and razzlin broads like I'm little Juan Magic

Magnetically handle mics, they don't drop

Top drama every time these commas don't drop

Pop spots like lint on your shirt, the net worth
to shoot the rock homey in many courts of ball

Four couldn't do it, so we bring all six

I circumcise the track, you just a dick - overlapped and hooded

Skin repeated like Stutterin John

I repeat like yesterday, it don't stop

George of this poor life pop, put to Scarlet
in a place she believes, much better than your lies

She say she lookin better in my eyes, bullshit!

Same crock she done ran to duck, crammin to fuck

I put the pudding on her like Bill Cosby
I tried to speak my piece in court but Judge Mills paused me
Bifocusedly die hopeless sometimes
Yo cry your poker face, you oughta try it one time
When God is an non pos', you stand to download
Demanded like slaves on trial - we want free
Man cock aim ready, it's time you MC
So you rappers bust bee-bee guns, graffiti runs
through my veins since cable with the wired remote
Woodgrainin like you wired his float

[Interlude: Ghostface]

C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years old
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our flow
A group of kids so original

[Ghost] You heard?

[Interlude]

[Ghostface Killah]

Tony 'Tana with big hammers for bad manners who got 'em
We kiss cannons for Scraelous crew, and his whack dancers
Bitin is forbidden pah, pay that tax
And don't you ever look at us funny - boy, we'll bring rap back
And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group of men
with dyna-mics, real hip-hop'll do you in
For you like Loo Goo Kim, or Moo Loo Inn
Hula hoop all bitches crew full with brand new Keds
Cutmaster kill 'em, make sure we cut classics
Buck bastards in broad day and tuck caskets
Next to Uday and Qusay, how can the group shoot the PA
and just lay whooptay whooptay?
Use the ruse, sport beads and snatch a dude's toupee
Since tunin into T-La Rock'n AJ
Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of OJ
Girls you can go cruisin in my OJ

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"